Egeus. I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomthing worne,
Our purpoſ'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feaſt, in great ſolemnitie. Come *Hyppolita*.
Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.
Her. Me thinks I ſee theſe things, with parted eye,
When euery thing ſeemes double.
Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And *Hyppolita*.
Lyſ. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by
the way lets recount our dreames.
Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anſwer.
My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*?
Flute, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a ſleepe? I haue
had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit
of man, to ſay; what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if
hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was
there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me
thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will
offer to ſay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man
hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, man's
hand

hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to con
hearte to report, what my dreame was.
ter Quince to write a Ballet of this dream
call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; becauſe it hath no
I will ſing it in the latter end of a Play, be
Peraduenture, to make it the more gratiou
to her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby *and the*
Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottoms* houſ
home, yet?
Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of do
ported.
Thyſ. If hee come not, then the Play is
not forward. Doth it?
Quin. It is not poſſible. You haue not
thens, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.
Thyſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit
craft man, in *Athens*.
Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon to, and
Paramour, for a ſweete voice.
Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Para
bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, *the Ioyner.*
Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming
ple, and there is two or three Lords an
married. If our ſport had gon forward
beene made men.
Thyſ. O ſweete bully *Bottome*. Thus h
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde n
ſixe pence a day. And the Duke had no
pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile h
He would haue deſerued it. Six pence a d

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